

MONEY'S

YOUR 10¢

WORTH

FIFTY-TWO
PAGES

JANUARY, 1946
VOL. 5 NO. 10

Shadow Comics



THE
SHADOW
meets The
CRIME MASTER
and proves that
CRIME CAN'T PAY

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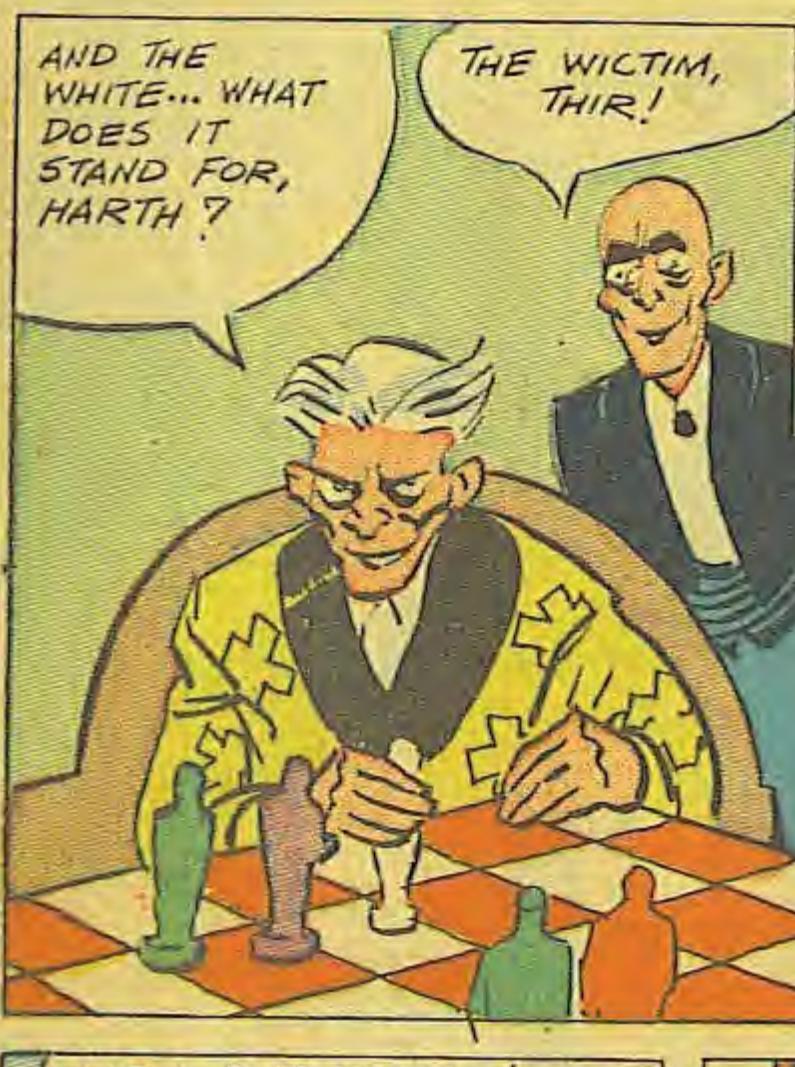


CAN CRIME PAY? THE SHADOW SAYS "NO!" BUT, THERE ARE THOSE WHO ALWAYS TRY TO PROVE THAT CRIME IS PROFITABLE AND HERE IS THE STORY OF SUCH AN UNRULY TRIBE, WORKING UNDER THE ORDERS OF A MASTER GENIUS, WHO FORESEES EVERY OBSTACLE UNTIL THE SHADOW PROVES THE TRUTH OF HIS FAMOUS ADAGE:

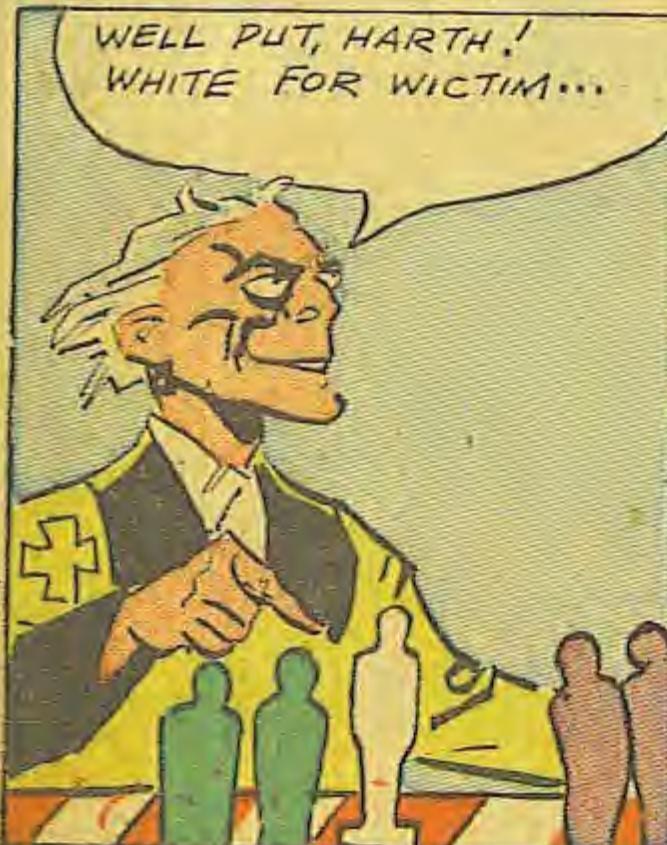
CRIME CAN'T WIN!!!



HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN'S TOWERS DWELLS A STRANGE MAN OF EVIL, WHO PLAYS A HEINOUS GAME THAT DEALS IN HUMAN PAWNS!!!



...EXCEPT THAT THE WORD IS VICTIM AND THERE WILL BE ONE TONIGHT! HENRY SHANE WILL DIE... BECAUSE I HAVE PLACED MY ROVERS AND GUNNERS TO BLOCK THE POLICE AT EVERY TURN!



THE MOVES ARE MADE, THE GAME IS SET... NOW THE HUMAN PIECES BEGIN TO ENACT THE DRAMA SHOWN ON THE CRIME MASTER'S BOARD!!!



STOP THE CAR, RONALD! I WANT TO PHONE FROM THIS HOTEL!

ALRIGHT, MR. SHANE. ONLY I WOULDN'T WORRY, SIR



GREEN THEVEN REPORTING, MATHTER! WHITE HATH PATHED ACROTH HITH PATH!

PRECISELY AS I ANTICIPATED! TELL GREEN SEVEN TO SEND RED FOUR TO BLOCK OFF PURPLE SIX!



THEND RED FOUR TO BLOCK OFF PURPLE THIKTH



I WANT TO
TALK TO THE
POLICE
COMMISSIONER
...AT
ONCE
!



THEREFORE, INSPECTOR
CARDONA MAY BE
RIGHT!

IN THAT CASE,
WE'RE DEALING
WITH A CRIME
MASTER!

MEANWHILE

I TELL YOU,
COMMISSIONER,
THESE RECENT
ROBBERIES HAVEN'T
JUST BEEN
HAPHAZARD!

CARDONA
ALWAYS SEES
A MASTER
MIND IN EVERY
THING. WHAT
DO YOU THINK,
CRANSTON?



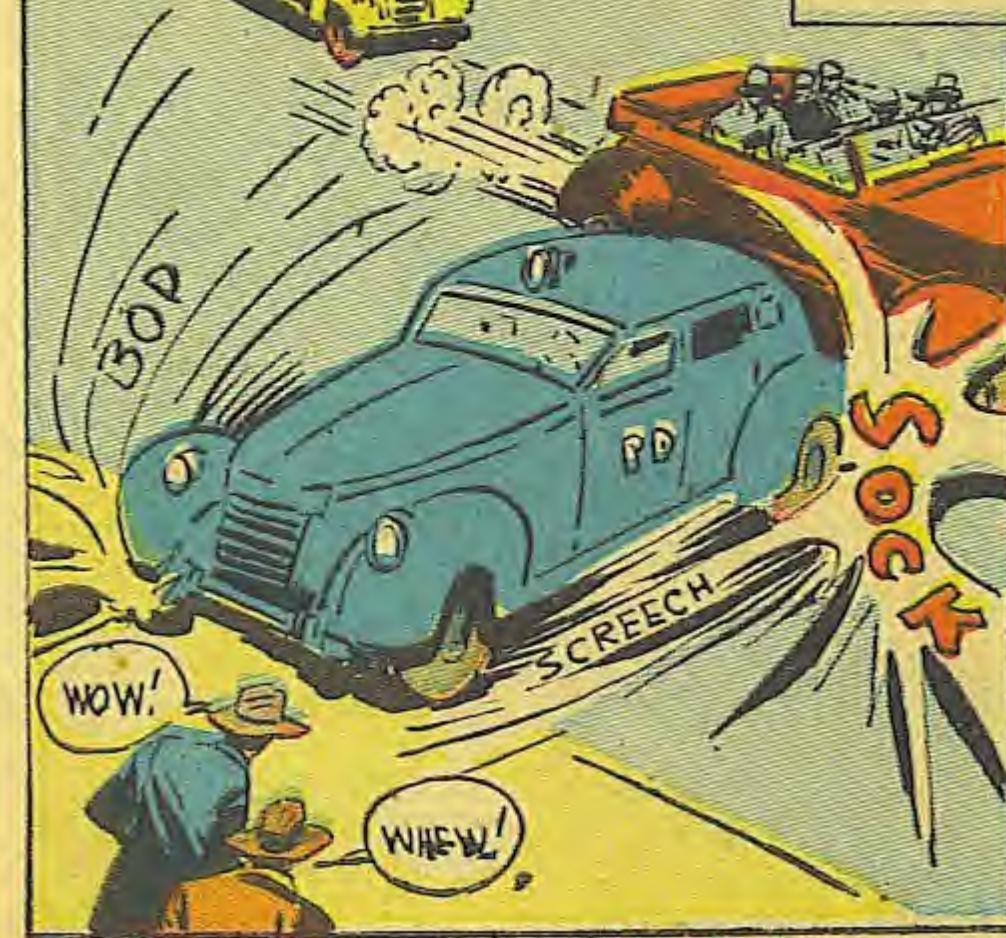
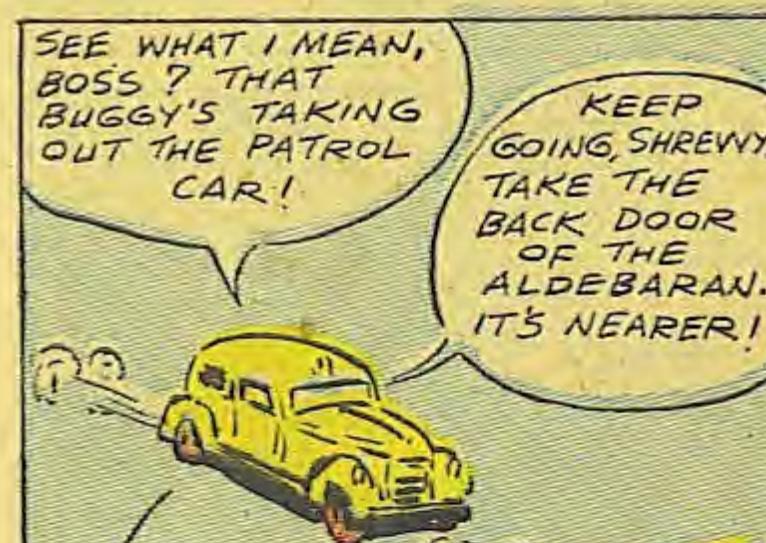
GO OUT THE
BACK WAY
AND SIGNAL
THE FIRST
POLICE CAR
THAT YOU
SEE

THANKS,
COMMISSIONER
!

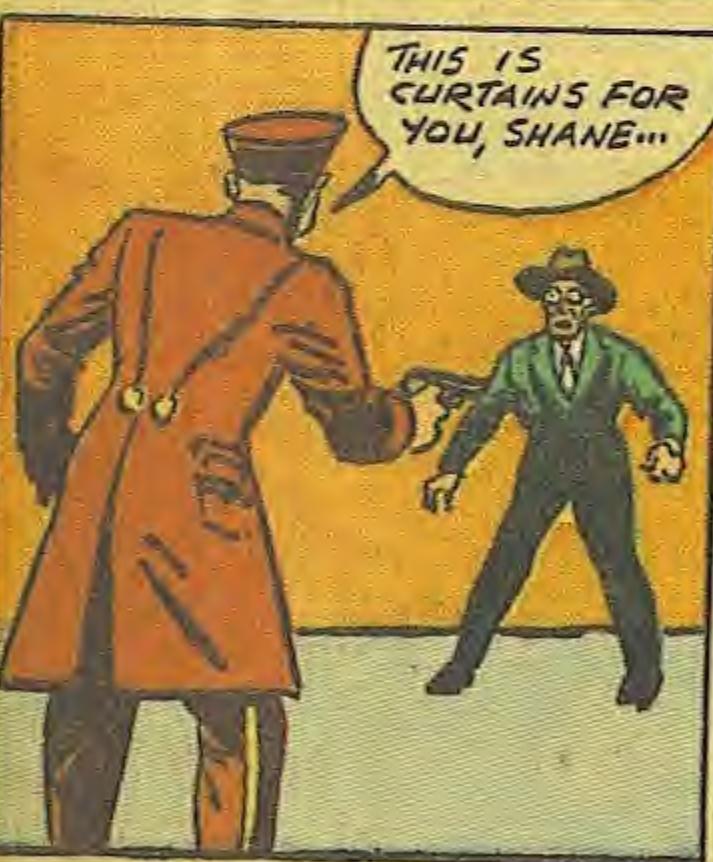
I'LL PHONE
HEADQUARTERS
WHEN YOU'RE
THROUGH,
COMMISSIONER.
WE'LL HAVE THE
NEAREST PATROL
CAR THERE
IN FIVE
MINUTES!

THIS IS HENRY SHANE,
COMMISSIONER! I'M PHONING
FROM THE HOTEL ALDEBARAN!
CROOKS ARE WAITING FOR
ME OUT FRONT!





RED ELIMINATES PURPLE, LEAVING
GREENS FREE TO ERADICATE
WHITE! HEH-HEH!





SHANE'S CHAUFFEUR HAS DISAPPEARED ALONG WITH THE DOOR MAN FROM THE ALDEBARAN!

THE NEXT DAY

THEY HAVE ELIMINATED TWO OF MY BEST PIECES, HARTH!

FIND THEM AND MEANWHILE LOOK OUT FOR SHANE

THIMPLY TERRIBLE, THIR!

A GOOD IDEA!

BUT I SHALL USE THEM IN MY NEXT GAME...

ALONG WITH A NEW PIECE TO REPRESENT A PARTICIPANT THAT I FORMERLY NEGLECTED!

THIS BLACK PIECE, HARTH, STANDS FOR THE SHADOW!

LAMONT, I'VE JUST HEARD THAT SHANE IS THROWING A BIG PARTY AT THE HOTEL SPLENDIDE!

GOOD. I'LL GET YOU AN INVITE, MARGO!

BUT, IF THE CRIME MASTER IS STILL AFTER SHANE, HOW CAN I PROTECT HIM?

THE POLICE WILL BE ON HAND FOR THAT. YOUR JOB WILL BE TO WATCH AND SEE WHO IS WATCHING THE POLICE!

THAT NIGHT

ROVER NINE
REPORTING TO
CRIME MASTER
THAT POLICE
ARE WATCHING
SHANE!

THEN THE SHADOW
WILL HAVE SOME-
ONE WATCHING
ROVER NINE.
HAVE ROVER TWO
WATCH WHOEVER
WATCHES ROVER
NINE!

I MUST SET
THE BOARD
TO BLOCK
THE SHADOW
AT EVERY
MOVE!

ANSWER THE
PHONE.
HARTH!

YETH,
THIR!



ROVER TWO, THIR! A GIRL
NAMED MARGO LANE IS
WATCHING ROVER NINE!

GOOD, TONIGHT,
OUR VICTIM WILL
BE MISS LANE.
HAVE THEM BRING
HER TO THIS PENT
HOUSE, HARTH!



AND MEANWHILE...

VALDA RUNE! SAY...
RUN INTO YOU,
EVERWHERE!
OR DID LAMONT
PLANT YOU
HERE?

HE DID, JUST
TO CHECK IF
ANYBODY IS
CHECKING ON
YOU. AND
SOMEBODY
IS... FROM
BEHIND THAT
PILLAR!

THAT WILL FETCH THE
SHADOW! WHEN HE TRIES
TO FIND THE GIRL, HE WILL
WALK RIGHT INTO OUR SNARE!
HEH!



IF THEY'RE
WATCHING ME,
I SUPPOSE THAT
LETS ME OUT!

YOU'LL BE LUCKY
TO GET OUT,
DEARIE! BUT
I'LL HELP YOU!

COME UP AND I'LL
GIVE YOU A COSTUME
JUST LIKE MINE. YOU
CAN MOOCH YOUR
WAY OUT AS A
CIGARETTE GIRL!

SWELL! THAT
WORKED ONCE
BEFORE, I
REMEMBER. IT
OUGHT TO WORK
AGAIN!



WHILE IN THE CRIME MASTER'S HEADQUARTERS...

RONALD IS COMING
UP WITH VATHPER,
THE FORMER DOOR
MAN

GOOD. I TOLD THEM TO
COME HERE. SINCE BOTH
ARE WANTED BY THE
POLICE, I SHALL DELEGATE
THEM TO DISPOSE OF THE
VICTIM!





WELL, WELL!
TWO OF THEM!
ALL THE BETTER!



I SIMPLY PLACE
ANOTHER WHITE
IN THE CENTER OF
THE BOARD. ALL
NOW IS COMPLETE!

EXCEPT FOR
THIS, CRIME
MASTER!

THE
SHADOW!



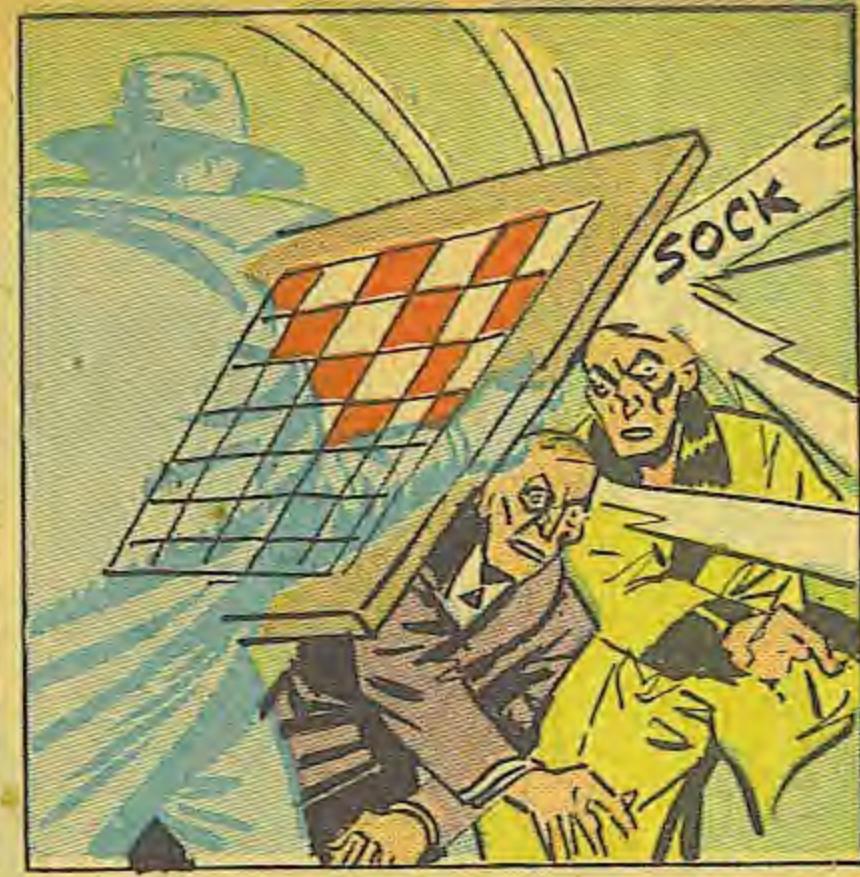
AND THERE'S
THE END OF
YOUR GAME,
CRIME
MASTER!

I'LL MAKE
IT THE END
OF YOUR
GAME,
SHADOW!

CORRECT, CRIME MASTER!
I TRAILED RONALD AND
JASPER HERE TO YOUR LAIR,
THE ONE PLACE YOU DID NOT
EXPECT TO FIND ME!

PLUNK







TRUE STORIES
from
F.B.I. CASE RECORDS
THE FAMOUS
URSCHEL KIDNAPPING CASE
The kidnappers demanded \$200,000!
It was one of the great cases solved
by the F.B.I. Read it in the
FEBRUARY SHADOW
ON SALE DECEMBER 28th

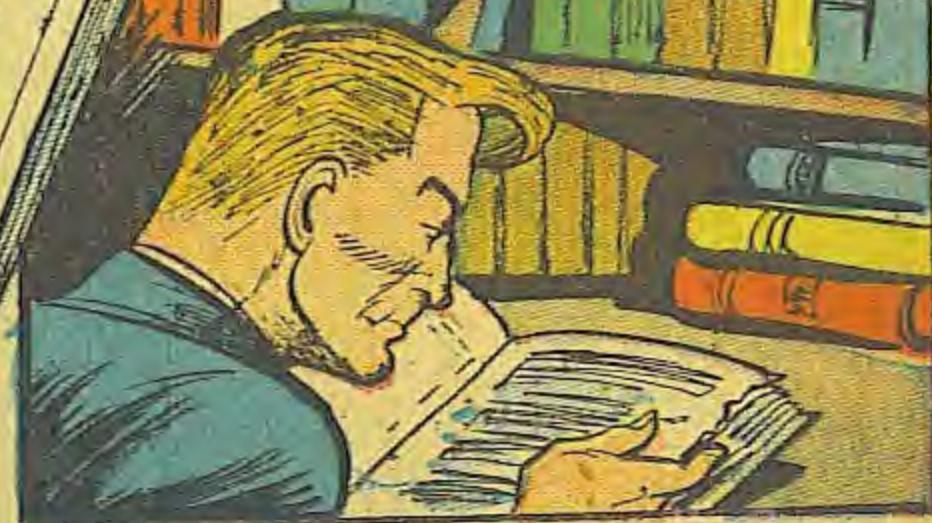
DOC SAVAGE

TO
LIVE
IS
EVIL!



IN ALL TIME
THERE HAS
BEEN EVIL...
DOC KNEW
THAT, BUT THE
THING THAT
WORRIED HIM,
WAS WHY IN
THE LAST 1,000
YEARS THAT
EVIL HAD BE-

COME SO MUCH
STRONGER...
MORE FOCALIZED...
MORE HORRIBLE...
FOLLOW
DOC SAVAGE
ON THE TRAIL
OF THAT
ANCIENT
EVIL...



GEE, DOC, HOW MUCH LONGER YOU GONNA STAY IN HERE?

UNTIL I FIND SOME REASON FOR THE PALL OF EVIL THAT CROPS UP IN HUMAN HISTORY EVERY TIME THERE SEEMS TO BE A CHANCE FOR CIVILIZATION TO GET SOMEWHERE!

YEAH, YOU BEEN TALKING ABOUT THAT... I THINK YOU'RE WRONG.. PEOPLE MUST LIKE TO GO TO WAR!

THAT IS SHEER STUPIDITY.. IT'S PEOPLE LIKE YOU, WELL-MEANING FOOLS, WHO PARROT THAT PHRASE OVER AND OVER THAT HELP WHOEVER IS BEHIND ALL THIS, TO KEEP ON! PEOPLE HATE WAR! NO ONE WANTS TO BE KILLED HORRIBLY!

IT ALMOST SEEMS CERTAIN TO ME, THAT THERE IS SOME PLOT... SOME GROUP THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE DEATH AND HORROR IN THE WORLD...

HOW YOU EVER GONNA FIND OUT? IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR A LONG TIME...

I'LL SAY IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME... THE KIND OF THING I MEAN... THE ORGANIZED EVIL STARTED ABOUT A 1000 YEARS AGO...

WHAT WHAT?

MONK... I CAN'T BE SURE... BUT YOUR CLUMSINESS MAY HAVE GIVEN US THE CLUE WE NEED! LOOK AT THIS!

IT JUST LOOKS LIKE DOUBLE TALK IN SPADES TO ME! WHAT'S IT SAY?

IT'S NOT WHAT IT SAYS IT'S WHAT IT INTIMATES... 'TO LIVE IS EVIL'... EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS... AND AFTER THAT IT SAYS THAT THE ADEPTS LIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR THE AMAZON...

GEE, AND HAM'S GONNA MISS THIS... TOO BAD HE'S AWAY...

DOC'S PLANE, ENDOWED WITH
EVERY GADGET THAT HIS SUPER-
SCIENTIFIC BRAIN HAS FIGURED
OUT, CUTS THRU THE AIR AT THE
SPEED OF SOUND...

SOUTH AMERICA,
HERE WE COME
... SAY, DOC,
WHY'D YOU
BRING ALONG
THE BOOKS?

THERE ARE
SOME REFERENCES
HERE ... CLUES
WHICH I MAY BE
ABLE TO TRACK
DOWN NOW
THAT I HAVE
THIS ANCIENT
YELLUM...

DON'T LOOK NOW, DOC,
BUT THAT'S THE AMAZON
DOWN THERE...

FROM HERE ON, IT'S
GOING TO BE LUCK...
WE HAVE TO LOOK
FOR A MOUNTAIN THAT
LOOKS LIKE A WOMAN...

HOURS PASS AS THE PLANE
SPIRAL IN EVER LARGER
CIRCLES... SUDDENLY...

PARTIAL SUCCESS
AT ANY RATE! DOESN'T
THAT LOOK LIKE A
WOMAN RECLINING?

IT
DOES...
IT REALLY
DOES!

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT,
IF I FIGURED IT OUT
RIGHT, THIS IS ONE OF
THE CENTRAL LOCATIONS
OF EVIL...

GULP... THAT
PYRAMID, DOC ...
LOOK, A DOOR
IS OPENING...
WHO COULD LIVE
IN A 1000-YEAR
OLD PYRAMID?

SO
FAR
SO
GOOD



DID'T NOTICE
THAT AZTEC
PYRAMID?

WELCOME...
YOU ARE THE
FIRST INTRUDERS
IN... IT MUST BE
TWO HUNDRED
YEARS...

WONDER IF THE
HOUSING SHORTAGE
HAS THEM
BOthered
DOWN HERE?



HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE THE FIRST IN HUNDREDS OF YEARS?

WHY, BECAUSE IT'S BEEN THAT LONG THAT I HAVE BEEN HERE... AND YOU ARE THE FIRST HUMANS I HAVE EVER SEEN!

IF SHE'S 200 YEARS OLD, I'M A TWO-YEAR-OLD!

THEN I HAVE AN IDEA YOU MUST BE A TWO-YEAR-OLD... DID YOU NOTICE SHE CALLED US 'HUMAN' AS THOUGH SHE WERE NOT?

I, WHO AM CALLED SINISTRARI, OFFER YOU THE DUBIOUS DELIGHTS OF THE SANCTUM OF THE ELDER!

THE SANCTUM OF THE ELDER... THEN THE VELLUM HELD THE TRUTH...

CAN WE MEET THE ELDER?

I DO NOT THINK THAT YOU CAN FAIL TO MEET THE ELDER. IT WAS HE WHO SENT ME FOR YOU... AND HERE HE COMES!

FOOL! DID YOU UTTER THAT FOUL WORD GOOD, HERE... HERE WHERE EVIL IS THE ORDER OF ALL ETERNITY?

GOOD!

YES... AND WHO AND WHAT ARE YOU, ELDER?

I HAD HOPED THAT THESE WERE OUR EMISSARIES FROM HUN LAND, BUT THEY ARE THE ENEMY AND MUST BE TREATED SO... HURRY!

I WOULD THAT I COULD HURRY, ELDER, BUT AS I TOLD YOU A WEEK AGO, MY JOINTS NEED OILING!

VERY WELL, SINISTRARI, I WILL TAKE CARE OF IT. BUT, MEANWHILE, WE WILL HAVE A RARE TREAT... COME UP, MY PRETTY ONES!

OIL HER JOINTS? WHAT GIVES HERE?

I'M AFRAID THAT WHAT GIVES, IS PRETTY HORRIBLE...

ARE YOU RIGHT! LOOK AT HIS 'PRETTIES'!

Good! I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE HOW HUMANS ARE CONSTRUCTED!

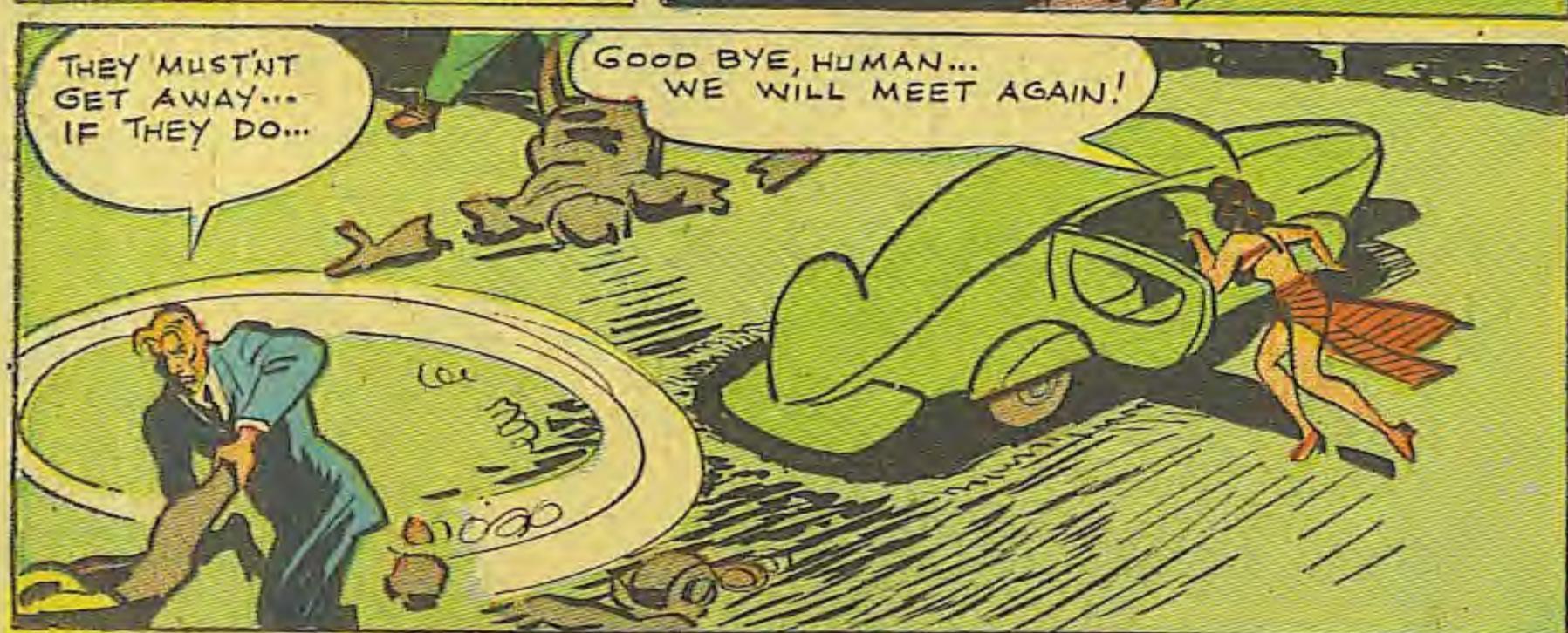
GET THEM, MY WORKERS... TAKE THEM, NOT GENTLY!

OWCH! MY HAND... THEIR JAWS ARE LIKE STEEL!

I AM AFRAID THAT THEIR JAWS ARE STEEL!

MACH... YOU MEAN THESE AIN'T MEN? GULP... ROBOTS...

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, MONK, GRAB THEM AND THROW THEM! THAT'LL BREAK UP THEIR MACHINERY!



BUT EVEN DAUNTLESS DOC SAVAGE MIGHT HAVE PAUSED IF HE COULD KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS... NEXT ISSUE'S SMASHING STORY WILL GIVE HIM MORE KNOWLEDGE WHICH HE MUST HAVE IN HIS BATTLE... AGAINST A TITANIC ENEMY!

NICK CARTER - BUYS A PIECE of BLUE SKY

NICK THOUGHT THAT AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER HE'D TANGLED WITH EVERY KIND OF RAT THAT THE UNDERWORLD BREEDS. BUT HE FOUND A NEW SPECIES WHEN HE HAD TO PROVE THAT NO ONE CAN GET AWAY WITH THE OLD PROVERB CAVEAT EMPOR. AT LEAST NOT ON RETURNED VETS!

PENN AVE.

WALNUT LANE

LEXOWAVE PARK AVE.

MADISON AVE.

WASH

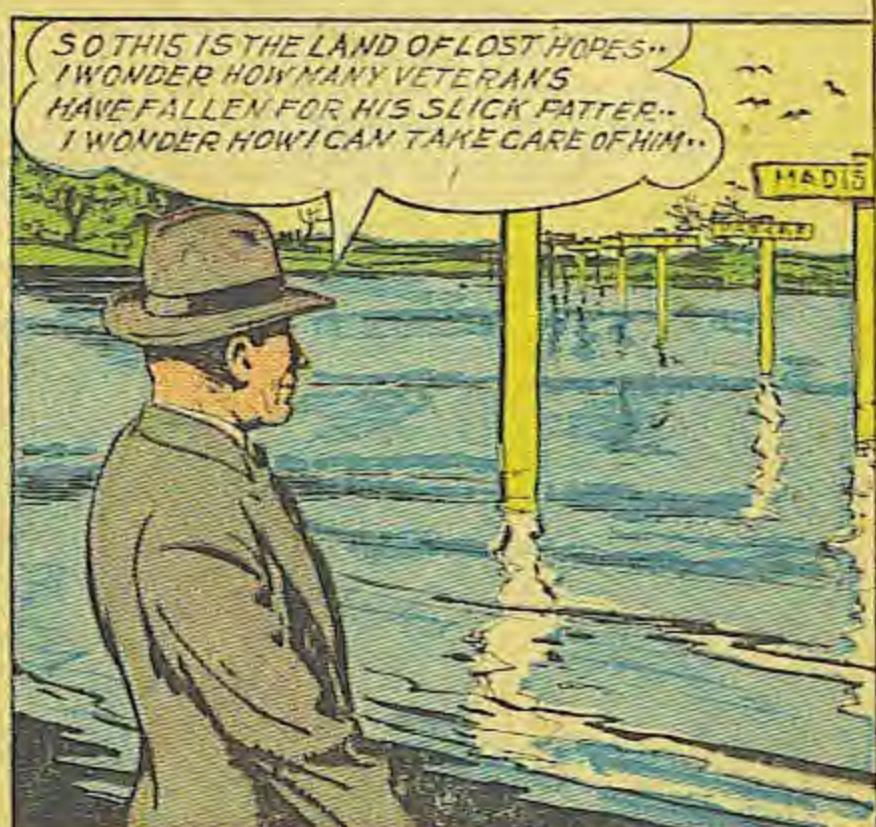
A NEW AND FILTHY TWIST ON AN OLD GAME! RATS THAT WALK ON TWO FEET!

BEFORE I GO OUT OF TOWN, NICK WHAT'S THAT NEW CASE THAT'S GOT YOU ALL STEAMED UP?









HELLO SOLDIER.
DID THEY
ROOK YOU?

NO, BUT TRIMZ TRIED
REAL HARD. WHAT'D
THEY TAKE YOU FOR?

THEY DIDN'T CON ME.
IT WAS A FRIEND OF MINE
AND THEY TOOK HIM BAD...

HOLD TIGHT! I THINK YOU'RE
JUST THE MAN I WANT..
LOOK. DO YOU WANT TO GET
EVEN WITH THAT BLUESKY
SALESMAN?



WELL, SIR, IT'S GOOD TO
SHAKE THE HAND OF
A RICH MAN!

ME, A RICH MAN? YOU
TEST SIR. I BUT MANAGE TO
SCRAPE ALONG...

IT'LL TAKE A LITTLE FIGURING
OUT BUT THIS IS THE OVER
ALL PLAN!! LISTEN SP5, SP5...

YOU BET I DO!
HOW?



A LITTLE LATER, MR. TRIMZ RECEIVES A VISITOR...

AH BUT YOU ARE GOING TO BE RICH.
AT LEAST I UNDERSTAND THAT
YOU OWN THE SUB-DIVISION
JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN!

AH.. OF COURSE I DO!
(WHAT'S UP.. THAT'S
THE JUNK I HAVE
BEEN PALMING OFF
ON THE SUCKERS..)

THE PEOPLE I REPRESENT HAVE PLANNED
TO DRAIN THAT SWAMP AND USE THE
LAND FOR AN AIR FIELD. IT'S PER-
FECT, FLAT AND THE PREVAILING
WIND IS CONSTANT. JUST SIGN
RIGHT HERE, SIR AND I'LL PAY
YOU THE OPTION PRICE!

AH YES...
YES INDEED...



HE FELL FOR IT HOOK,
LINE AND SINKER!
DIDJA CONTACT
THE BOYS?

EVERYONE OF THEM!
MR. TRIMZ IS IN FOR A
SURPRISE! HE HAS FOR-
GOTTEN ONE LITTLE
THING...

WHAT'S
THAT?

HE WHO SELLS WHAT
ISN'T HIS MUST GIVE
IT BACK OR GO TO PRISON
AND HE'S JUST GIVEN YOU AN
OPTION ON LAND HE
DOESN'T OWN!

NICK WATCHES AS MR. TRIMZ GETS UNDER WAY...

BUT? BUT ME NO BUTS,
MY GOOD MAN. HERE'S THE
MONEY! BETTER TAKE IT
BEFORE I CHANGE MY
MIND!

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH,
I'VE GOT A SORT AT-
ACHED TO THAT LAND..
I DON'T THINK I'LL
SELL IT!

AH MR. SAWYER.. I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER.. I FEEL
THAT PERHAPS THAT LAND I SOLD YOU, WASN'T
QUITE RIGHT FOR A CAT RANCH. THEREFOR
TO SAVE YOU A REAL LOSS, I'LL GIVE HALF
WHAT YOU PAID FOR IT! THERE, THAT'S
GENEROUS ISN'T IT?

VERY.. VERY
NICE OF YOU
BUT...

NOT SELL IT? (HAS HE GOTTEN WIND OF
MY DEAL.. NO HE COULDN'T HAVE) AH, YOU
DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN SIR TELL YOU
WHAT.. I'LL GIVE YOU THE FULL PRICE
FOR THE LAND...

UH UH... I'D
LIKE TO MAKE
A PROFIT. SUP-
POSE WE SAY
TWENTY FIVE PER
CENT MORE THAN I
PAID FOR IT?

MR. TRIMZ IS PREPARED TO BE PHILANTHROPIC...

THERE YOU ARE..
BUT A MORE UN-
REASONABLE
MAN I NEVER MET!

THANKS BLESS NICK
CARTER. I DON'T KNOW
HOW HE DID IT, ALL I DID
WAS OBEY DIRECTIONS)

HAGGLE AS HE WILL, MR. TRIMZ FINDS
THE VETERAN OBDURATE...

I'M GLAD THEY ARE GOING TO PAY ME ENOUGH TO MAKE ALL THIS PROFITABLE...PHEW...I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH THEM.

THERE, THAT WAS THE LAST PIECE OF PROPERTY HE JUST BOUGHT! WANNA BREAK THE BAD NEWS TO HIM NOW?



TRIMZ FINDS THE SAME SITUATION WITH EACH OF HIS VETERAN 'SUCKERS'....

NO LET HIM DREAM ALL NIGHT ABOUT HIS POTENTIAL PROFITS THE WAY WE ALL DID WHEN WE BOUGHT HIS LOUSY LAND! WE CAN CALL ON HIM TOMORROW.

RIGHT. LET'S GO GET SOME SLEEP NOW.



HERE WE ARE, MY GOOD MAN. BEAUTIFUL SITE FOR AN AIR FIELD ISN'T IT?

YES IT CERTAINLY IS. BUT WAIT--SAY! THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT SPOT! THE PLACE I MEANT IS DOWN THE ROAD ABOUT A MILE!



EARLY NEXT MORNING....

WHAT PROGRESS DAD?

I THINK IT'S ALL PRETTY MUCH STRAIGHTENED OUT NOW, SON. I'M TWISTING THE 'CAVEAT EMPTOR' PROVERB FOR MR. TRIMZ. IT NOW READS: LET THE SELLER BEWARE!



WHAT? BUT I DON'T OWN THAT LAND...

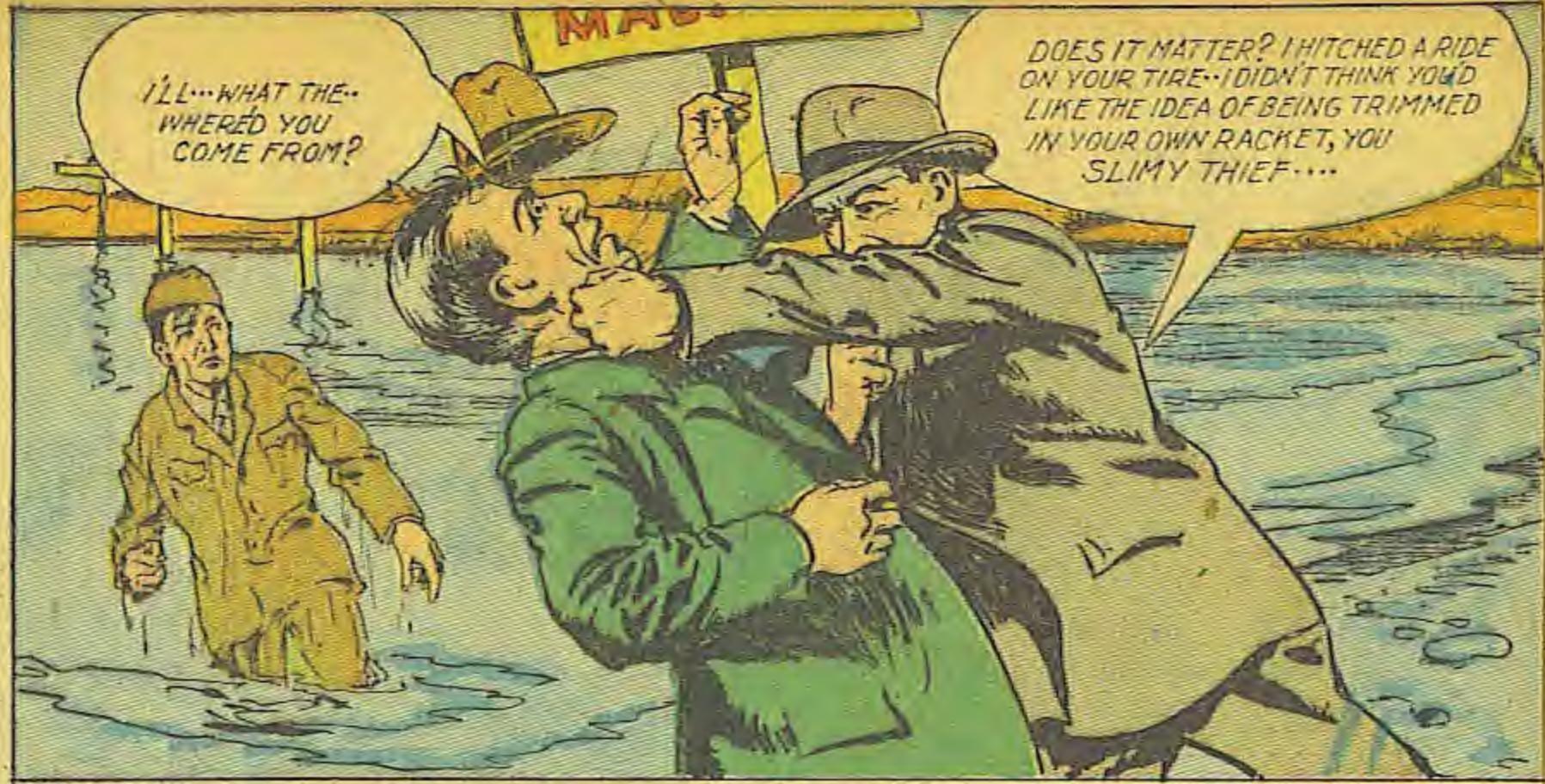
WHAT ARE YOU SQUAWKING ABOUT? I MADE THE MISTAKE! YOU HAVE MY OPTION MONEY THAT I CAN'T GET BACK! YOU MADE A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PROFIT ON MY ERROR!



PROFIT? WHY YOU MAUNDERING IDIOT IT COST ME THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS TO BUY ALL THIS BACK! I'LL....

YOU'LL WHAT?





IMPOSSIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM TO OUR READERS THERE ARE CON MEN LIKE MR. TRIMZ. SHIFTY, UNSCRUPULOUS, CLEVER, THEY ARE CONSTANTLY AT WORK AT THEIR DIRTY SCHEMES. IF YOU ARE A RETURNED VET AND ARE THINKING OF GOING INTO BUSINESS, NO MATTER WHO IT IS WITH, CHECK THE PERSON AND THE SCHEME, WITH YOUR LOCAL BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU OR THE SWINDLE SQUAD OF YOUR LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT!

... SIGNED
CHICK AND NICK CARTER

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Shadow Comics, published monthly, at New York N. Y., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York, County of New York. (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Shadow Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; *editor*, W. J. deGraffenreid, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; *managing editor*, none; *business managers*, none.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., a corporation owned through stock holdings by Gerald H. Smith, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Ormond V.

Gould, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Allen L. Grammer, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief, as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1945. Edward F. Kashire, Notary Public No. 455, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

Inner Circle



CHICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE THE SMELL OF DOOM!!!

"Perhaps," said Chick, as the meetings of the Inner Circle came to order, "some of you have wondered how come there wasn't more sabotage here in the States when the war was at its height. If you have, and if you are as grateful, as you should be your gratitude is owed chiefly to the men of the F.B.I. A magnificent job they did."

"Your humble servant," Chick smiled, "saw a little of the workings of the government men on a case in which I was fairly active. It was a peculiar case in that the Army Intelligence, to which I was attached, and the G-Men, work together."

Chick paused then said thoughtfully, "Even these combined forces might have availed very little if it hadn't been for the fact that a cold which I had, cleared up just in the nick of time."

That rather puzzled Beef. He couldn't see what Chick having or *not* having a cold, could have to do with sabotage. As it turned out it had a great deal to do with a case which might have hurt America's war effort really seriously.

Chick went on, "Vague rumors, idle talk, a strange set of coincidences, all wound up with our men knowing that there was an enemy plot in motion. What's more, we knew that the focal point of the plot was in a specific location. We knew too, that the most likely first step would be for the enemy to try and tie up all telephonic communication; because with the phones out of order, people have a tendency to panic, which of course would play right into the Fascist's hands."

"But where, they would attack the phone system we had not the slightest idea. And then, like a bolt out of the blue, we got what seemed like a break! At first, we thought we had the whole case all taped up. For, what we found in the hands of a group of saboteurs was a plan of a telephone system!"

"Wow! What a break that was!" Beef was excited. His cheeks, fat enough naturally, were puffed out with a gob of candy that he had rammed into his face.

"What a break!" Chick said sarcastically. "Yeah, it was a break all right, for, after we looked at the hundreds of different telephone channels on the drawing we knew

that we didn't know any more than we had in the first place!"



"And no way for you to tell which of the hundreds of lines or channels were to be destroyed! That was a fine situation!"

This was from Sue.

"Yes," nodded Chick, "it was an impasse and remained so, while I got over one of those nasty, sniffly colds that there just isn't any cure for.

"What made the situation so desperate, was that the drawing convinced us that they were all set to act. We had no way of knowing at what moment, what channel would be cut. And believe me, that would have meant panic. We found out later that they had made plans to set off a series of time bombs in three different places. One bomb would have loused up the electrical system, the second the phones and the third . . . was all set to blow up the reservoir! You can imagine what no water would mean to a town the size of this one!"

"Quite a spot to be in!" Sue agreed. She was as curious as all the rest of the members to find out what Chick's cold had to do with the telephone sabotage.

"We got the drawing of the phone lines on a Monday as I remember it," said Chick, "and by the following Friday we were all

in a fine state. No one had slept, or eaten, in . . . we couldn't think how long it had been. . . . Finally, late Friday night, I was rubbing my poor red nose and looking at the captured chart, when suddenly, I could smell!

"You know how a head cold when it starts to break up, first allows you a little relief in your nose . . . well, it felt grand. I inhaled deeply and was suddenly conscious of a vagrant whiff of a delightful scent.

"I probably wouldn't even have noticed it, if it weren't for the fact that I'd been going around without smelling anything for so long. I sniffed again, enjoying the odor when suddenly I wondered where it was coming from.

"One of the G-men who was with me looked up at me incuriously. He was so tired and worn out with worry that his eyes were lacklustre as he asked, 'What's with you? How come you're making like a bloodhound?'

"I pointed out the odor. He sniffed too and we tracked the scent down to the chart.



Somehow this seemed important to me. It didn't to him. He said something about the perfume probably coming from one of the girl stenographers having carried the chart into the office.

"That didn't satisfy me. I checked and could find no one who remembered a girl having been near the chart. That made me

positive I was on the trail of something. I didn't know what. But we were so worried that any clue seemed better than none. I, or rather we, we'd gotten some more of the F.B.I. men in the room, sat and puzzled our brains as to the meaning of the odor. The men who'd captured the saboteurs who had the chart were there. None of them remembered any woman having been near the chart.

"Well, it stayed that way for most of the night. We thought we might have a clue but we didn't know what to do with it. Dawn broke, a grey and ominous dawn it was too, and we'd gotten exactly nowhere. Time passed and before we knew it, the regular office force had come into work. We still sat. The stenographers got to work at their typewriters and still we sat.

"And then it happened. I called over one of the girls and had her look at the chart. She was a smart girl and didn't ask the significance of the chart with all the numbers next to the different channels. She just looked and when I asked her to sniff at the chart she did so. I asked her if she'd ever smelled the scent before, she said, 'of course.'

"My next question was what broke the case. I asked her what kind of perfume it was. Before she finished telling me all the G-boys had gotten the idea. They grabbed their hats and ran, with me after them.

"The girl had, in essence, told us where the saboteurs were going to strike. That was all those shrewd men needed. In less time than it takes to tell it, they had this one section all surrounded, they had a stake-out set up that a young, slim fly couldn't have slipped through!

"A fly couldn't have made a getaway and neither did the saboteurs. They came in later in the day with cutting pliers all set to ruin this particular channel of communication. They came with guns and brass knuckles. They had them all ready to use on any unsuspecting phone employee who might get in their way. They weren't ready for tommy guns and determined men who hated them for the lice they were! Not one of them even pulled a gun when they saw the trap they'd stepped into. They pulled the rotten "Kamerad" gag that they always

pull when they're not shooting down innocent bystanders!

"Ten minutes after they walked in they were all cuffed together and on their way to a court of justice. They weren't shot as I'd hoped they'd be, but instead were given life."

Beef looked at Sue with an exasperated glance as Sue sat looking like the cat that ate the canary. As Chick paused, Beef asked, "Sue! I suppose you know what this is all about! I suppose you know the name of the perfume that was the tip off?"



Sue nodded.

Chick said, "It was clever and very subtle of them. You see they were prepared for the chart perhaps going astray. So instead of coding the name of the channel which might have been broken down, they used the perfume as the tip to their fellow agents. They never thought that we'd figure it out!"

"For the sake of Beef's blood pressure, he looks like he's going to burst, the name of the perfume was 'Chanel number five!' It was a pun on Channel! The fifth channel, was the one they attacked! Do you get it, Beef?"

From the doleful look on Beef's face he got it all right!

MA!! TURN ON THE SHORTY.

"I'M HUNGRY AND I WAN'T TO EAT MY DINNER IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES!"

BRITISH MOSQUITO BOMBER.
A PRODUCT OF RADIOTHERMICS.
SKINS OF PLYWOOD OVER BALSA,
GLUE HARDENED BY SHORT WAVE
RADIO CURRENT. A REAL SWIFTY!

MUSTANG FIGHTER
NOTE EXTRA WOOD TANKS.

"HEY!" WE CAN HEAR YOU ASKING, "WHAT'S A HURRY-UP ORDER FOR DINNER GOT TO DO WITH TWO BATTLE PLANES? PLENTY! WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW A SLICK WAR IDEA WILL LAND KERPLUNK IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN! FROM FIGHTING TO COOKING, YOUR MA WILL LIKE THE IDEA."

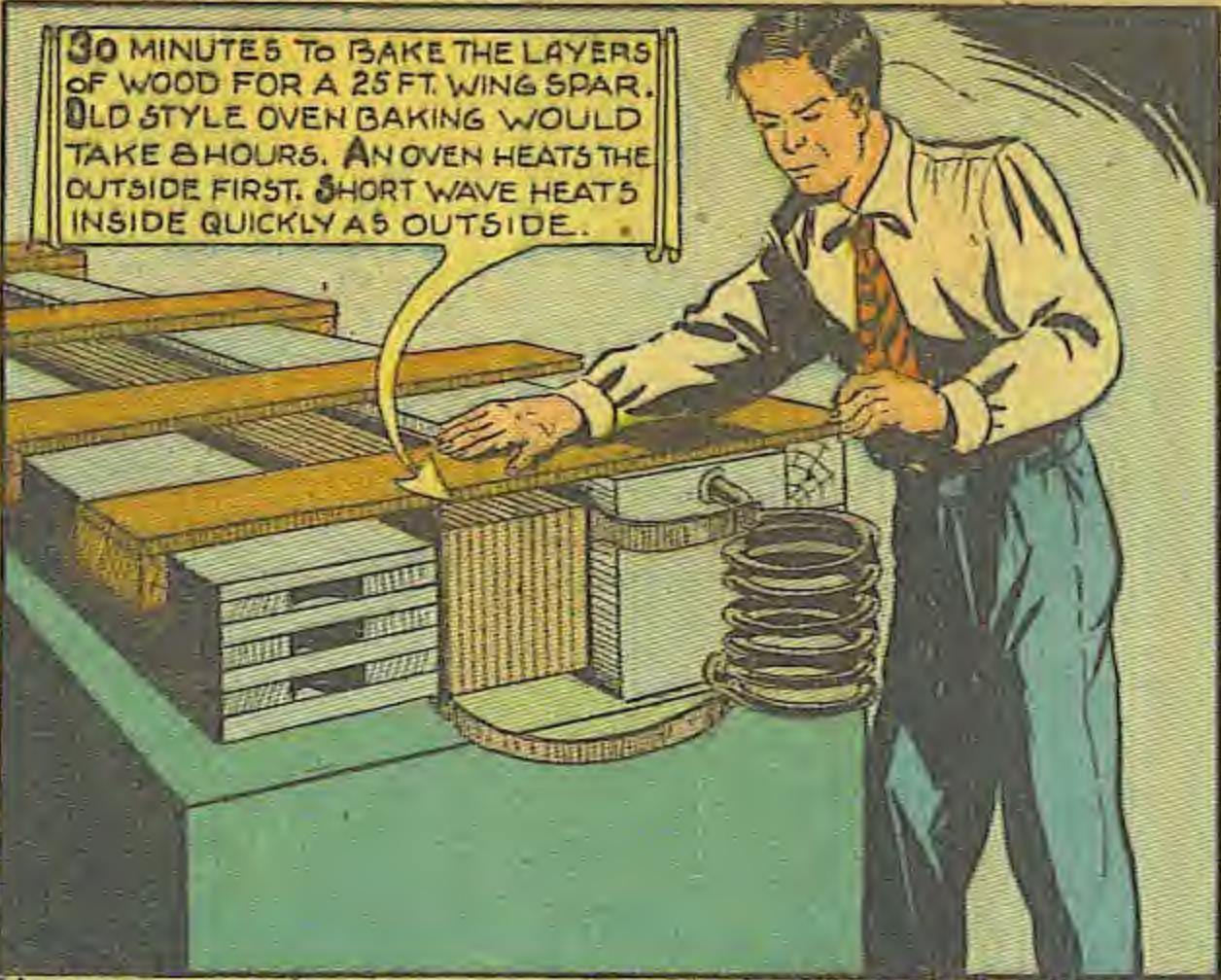
WHAT'S COOKING NOW?

WE'LL TELL YOU...

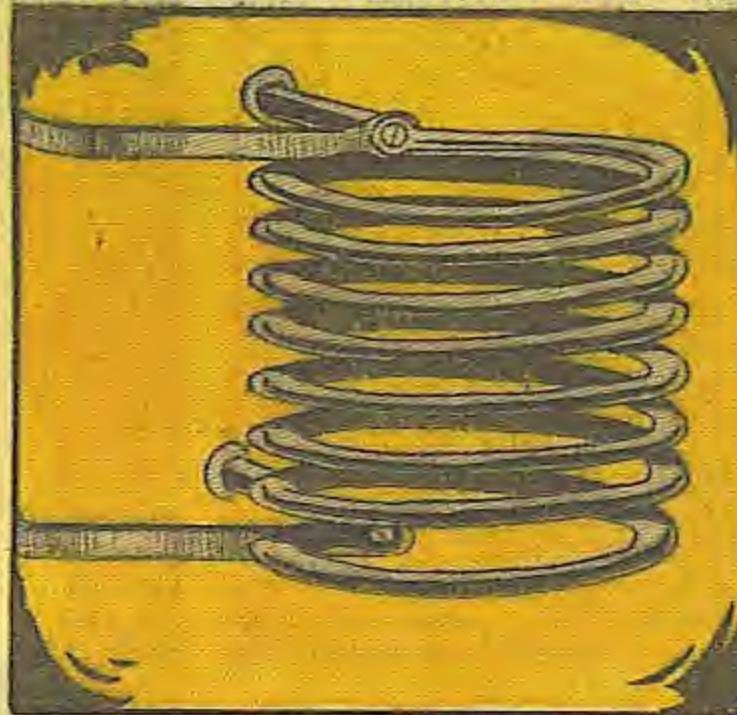
All matter, air, earth metals . . . and you . . . is made up of atoms, and an atom is a bunch of electrons whirling around another bunch locked together in the center.

They like to whirl together at their natural speed and if we make them whirl faster they heat up. That is how all artificial heat happens . . . the electrons spin faster. We send magnetic lines through the coils in a dynamo, the electrons that make up the coils whirl faster and wider and crowd out into a wire. We call the bunch that comes crowding out, electricity.

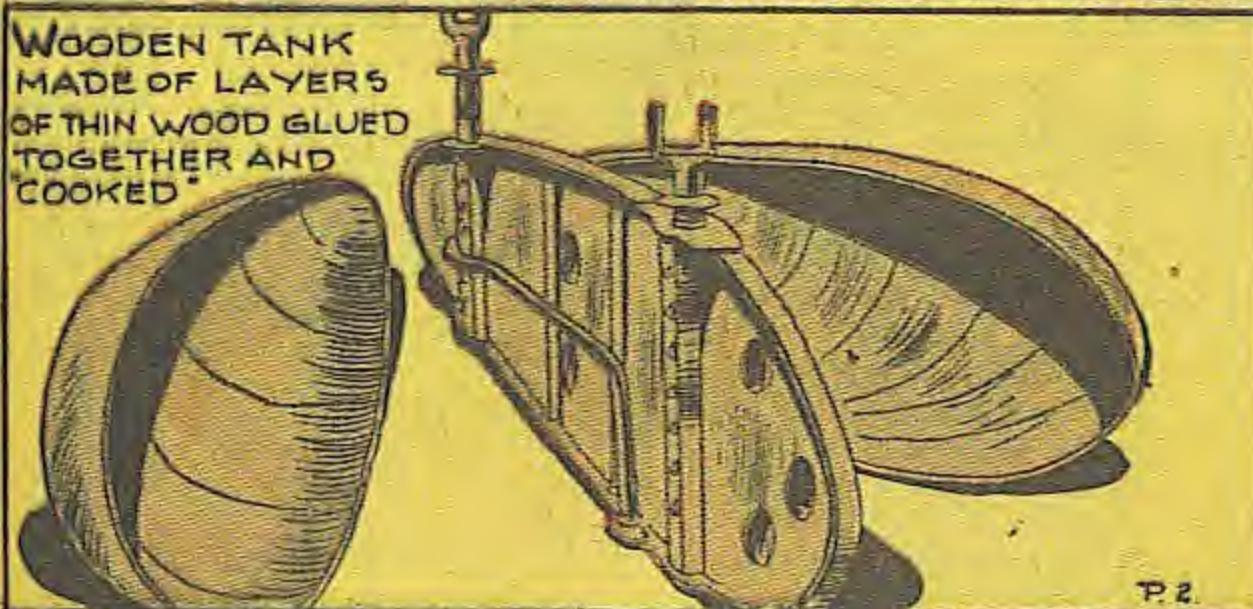
We send the electricity through some big radio sending tubes. The



NO OUTSIDE HEAT IS SENT INTO THE THING TO BE COOKED. SHORT WAVES SET THE ELECTRONS WHIRLING FASTER-MEANING THE ELECTRONS THAT MAKE UP THE THING ITSELF-WHETHER IT IS IRON, WOOD OR FOOD. THE FASTER THEY WHIRL, THE MORE HEAT.



THE TUNING COIL. MOVING CONTACT FROM ONE RING TO ANOTHER LOWERS OR RAISES WAVE LENGTH AND HEAT.



THE SIDES AND CENTER SUPPORT OF EXTRA TANK HAVE BEEN COOKED SEPARATELY...READY TO BE JOINED AND COOKED TOGETHER.

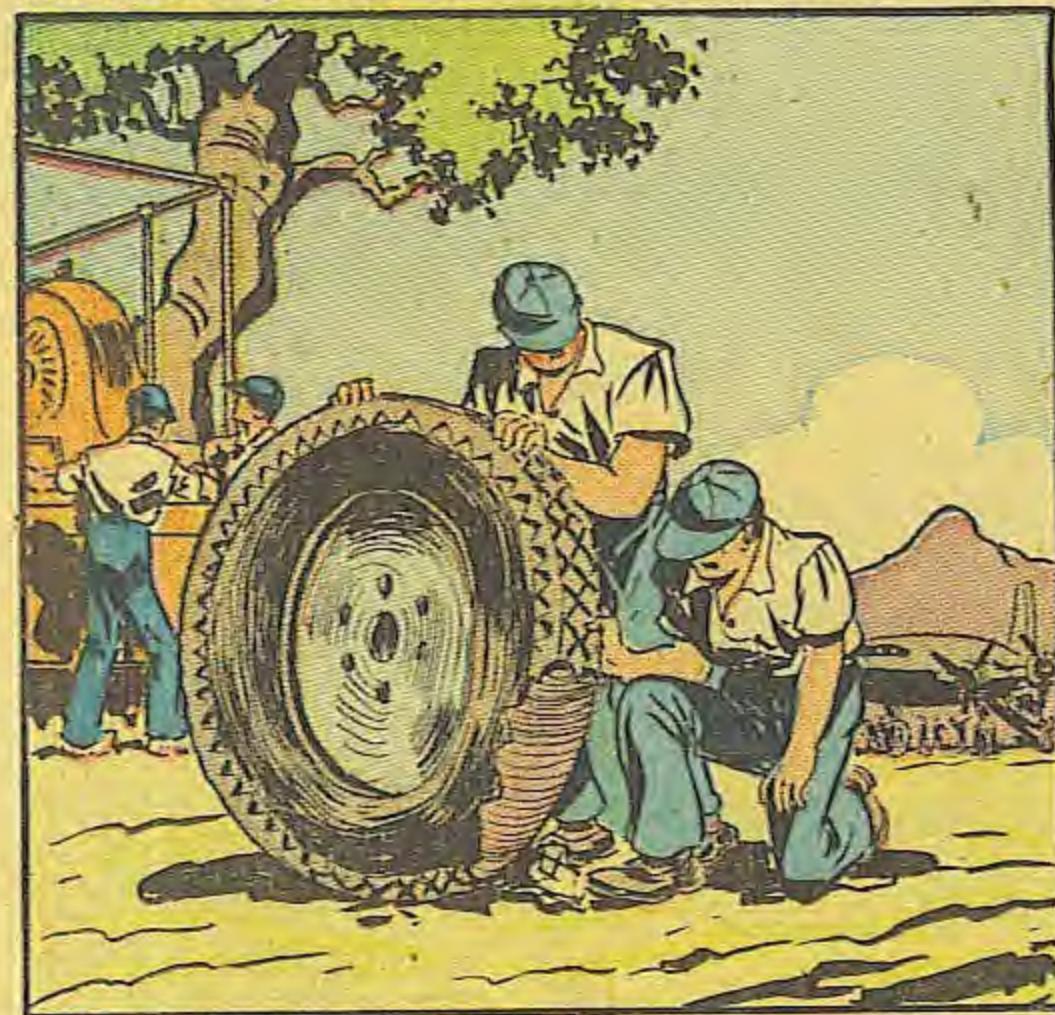
tubes set the electrons to whirling hundreds of thousands of times faster. Then they hook up this high-speed current to a couple of sheets of metal (electrodes) and send its magnetic lines through the thing you want cooked. Now there are the electrons that make up your wood or your iron or your steak, all whirling peacefully and bothering no one.

Then the high-speed lines hit them. Brother! they get mad! And speed up and get hot! You have a tuner for your short wave and can make them spin faster or slower . . . which means hotter or cooler. You can cook fast or slow.



THE JAPS WERE FIRST TO
MAKE USE OF THE EXTRA TANK

ONE OF THE COMPLETE WOODEN TANKS
READY TO BE HOOKED UNDER THE
WING OF A PLANE LIKE THE CORSAIR AT
THE RIGHT. IT FLIES HUNDREDS OF MILES,
DROPS THE EMPTIED WOODEN TANKS AND
STARTS IT'S FIGHT WITH REGULAR TANKS FULL.



COOKING RUBBER..ON THE WAR FRONT THEY SET NEW
RUBBER IN THAT HOLE. THEN THE SHORT WAVE CONTACTS
STIR THE RUBBER ELECTRONS TO HIGH-SPEED-BUZZING
AND IN TEN MINUTES THE TIRE IS LIKE NEW.

AND NOW, RIGHT INTO A
KITCHEN COOKER GOES
RADIO SHORT WAVE.
THE BOY ON PAGE ONE,
CALLED IT THE SHORTY.

ELECTRONICS.

NOTICE HOW WE KEEP
RUNNING INTO THAT WORD.

HERE IT IS AGAIN....
...IN, RADIOTHERMICS,
A WONDERFUL AND NEW
BRANCH OF THE SCIENCE.
(GO AFTER IT FELLOWS.)

MAYBE YOUR MA
DOESN'T CARE
FOR THE "COMIC
BOOKS".... TELL
HER YOU'LL BET
YOU CAN GIVE
HER SOMETHING
TO READ AND SHE
WILL LIKE IT.

SHOW HER
THIS AS A SAMPLE
OF THE KIND OF
READING YOU GET IN
AIR ACE MAGAZINE.
READ IT AND TRY IT
ON YOUR TEACHER
TOO.



TWO MINUTES TO
COOK MEAL, OK, MA?

FLATTY FOOTE

THE VULTURE'S TALONS!!

BEWARE THE VULTURE..
NO MAN KNOWS WHERE
NEXT HIS TALONS WILL
STRIKE - BEWARE - BEWARE
THAT'S ALL FLATTY KNEW..
AND IT WASN'T QUITE
ENOUGH, AS THINGS
TURNED OUT!!

THIS OUGHT
TO TIE THEM
UP IN A FIT!
HERE GOES-



FEELS GOOD TO BE ABLE TO RELAX AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THRU LATELY! WHAT THE...

SOME TOY... SOME CHILD HAS BEEN PLAYING, I GUESS...

HOW'D A KID GET NEAR HERE? AFTER ALL, THIS IS POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NOT THAT ANYONE EVER SEEMS TO PAY IT MUCH MIND-PRANCE! READ THIS!

SWISH



JUST AS I SAID... JUST SOME KID PLAYING

I STILL WANT TO KNOW HOW A KID COULD GET NEAR US...

COME TO THINK OF IT THO' I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... I NEVER HEARD OF A CROOK CALLED THE VULTURE...

YIPE! A KNIFE!

BEWARE OF THE VULTURE

YOU WILL HEAR OF THE VULTURE SCREECH SCREECH

BEWARE OF THE VULTURE



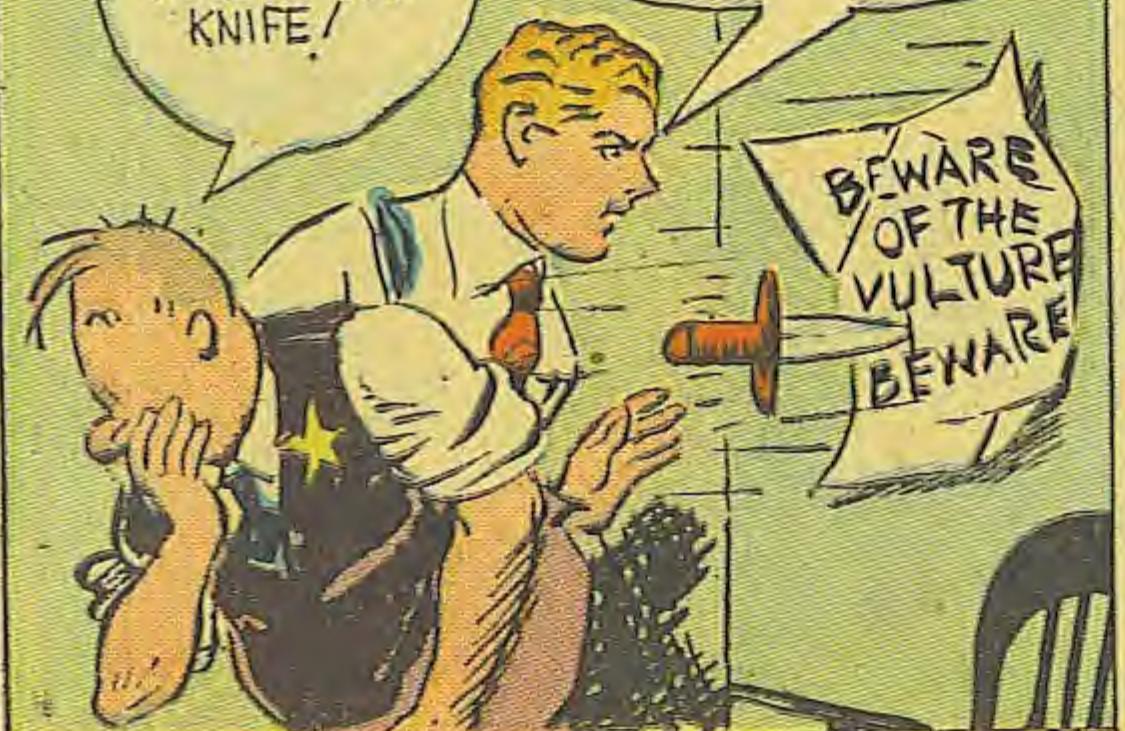
GULP— NO KID EVER THREW THAT KNIFE!

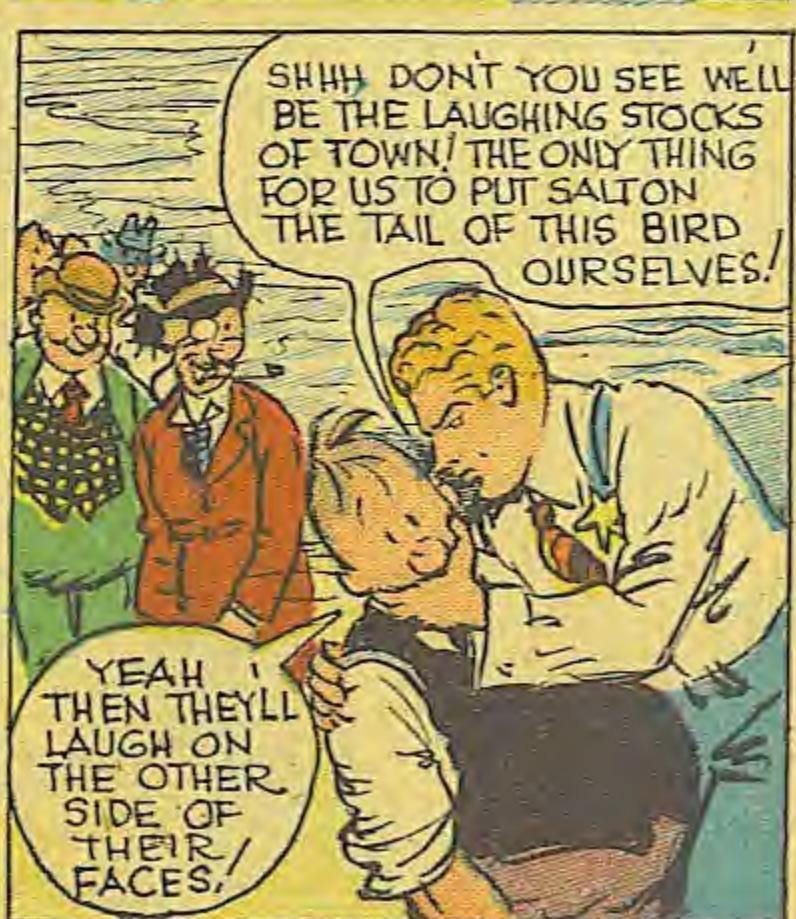
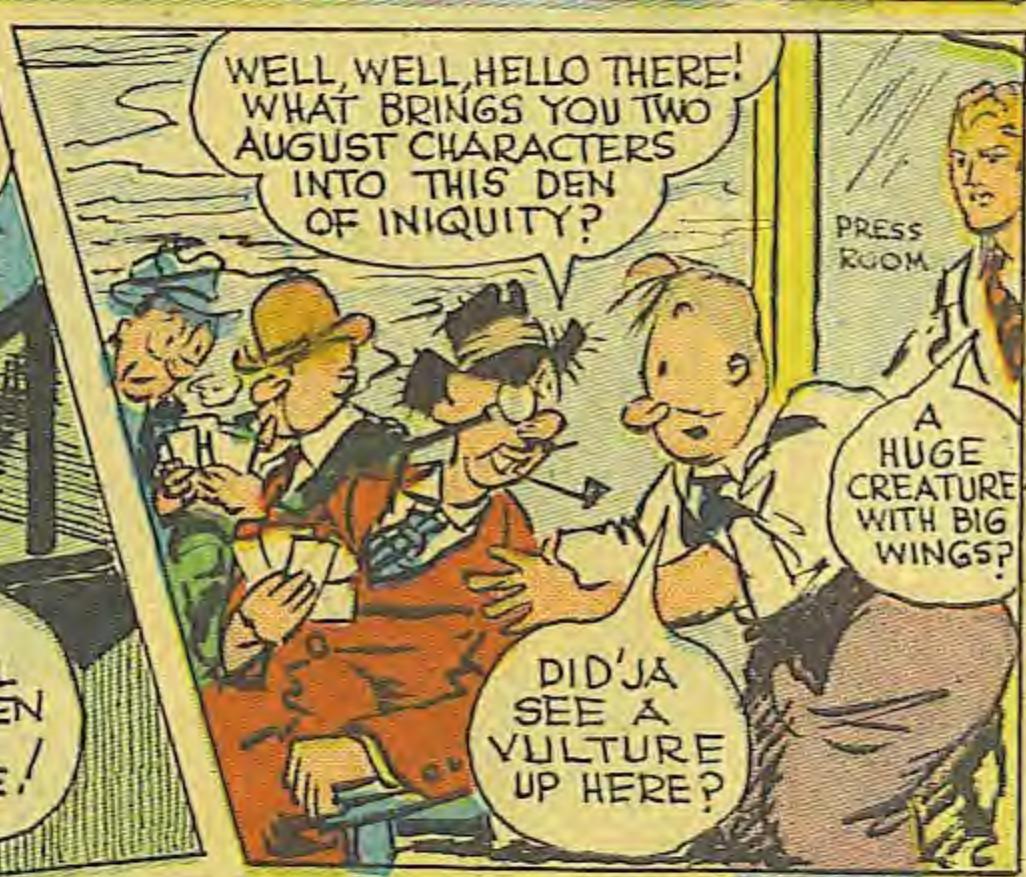
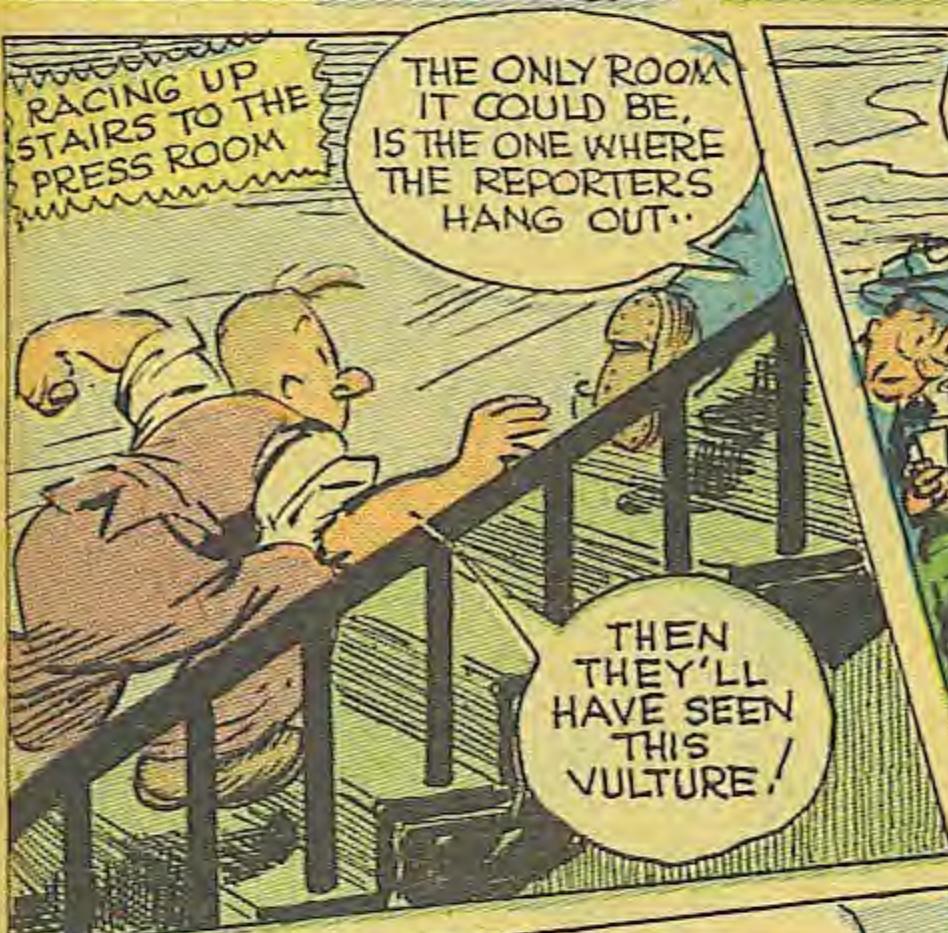
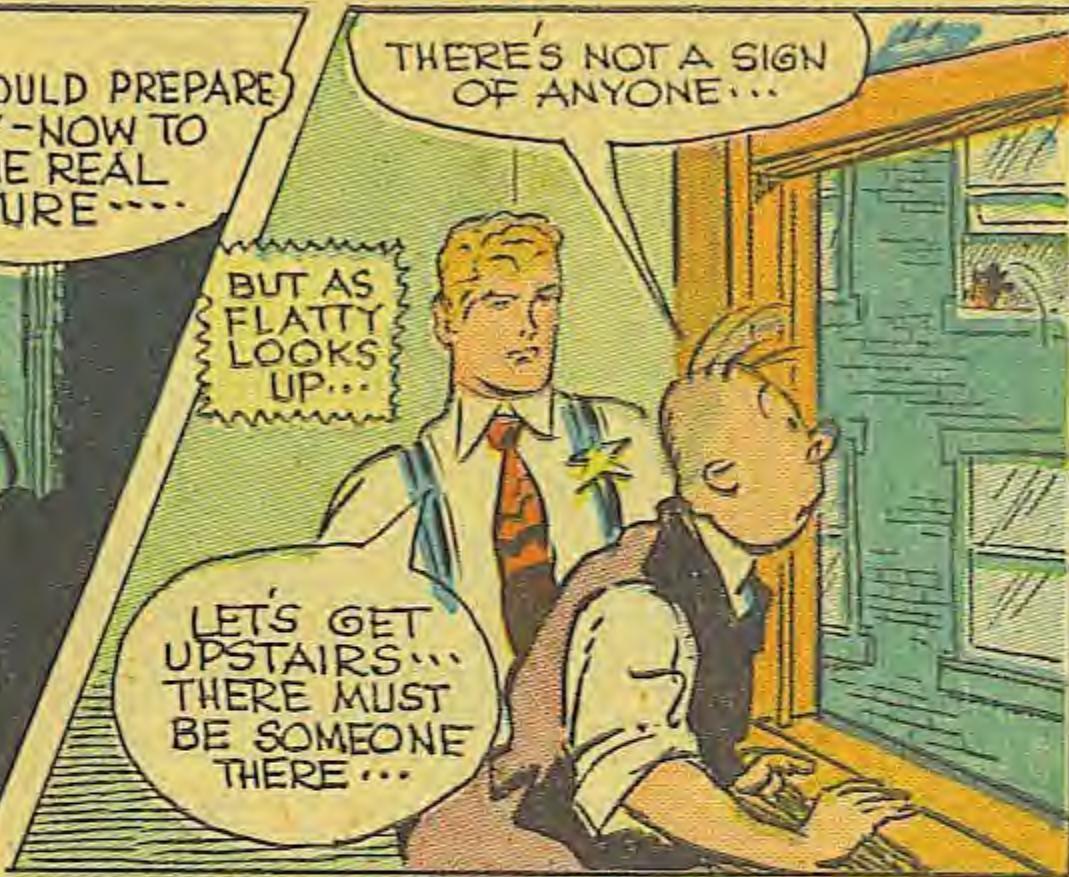
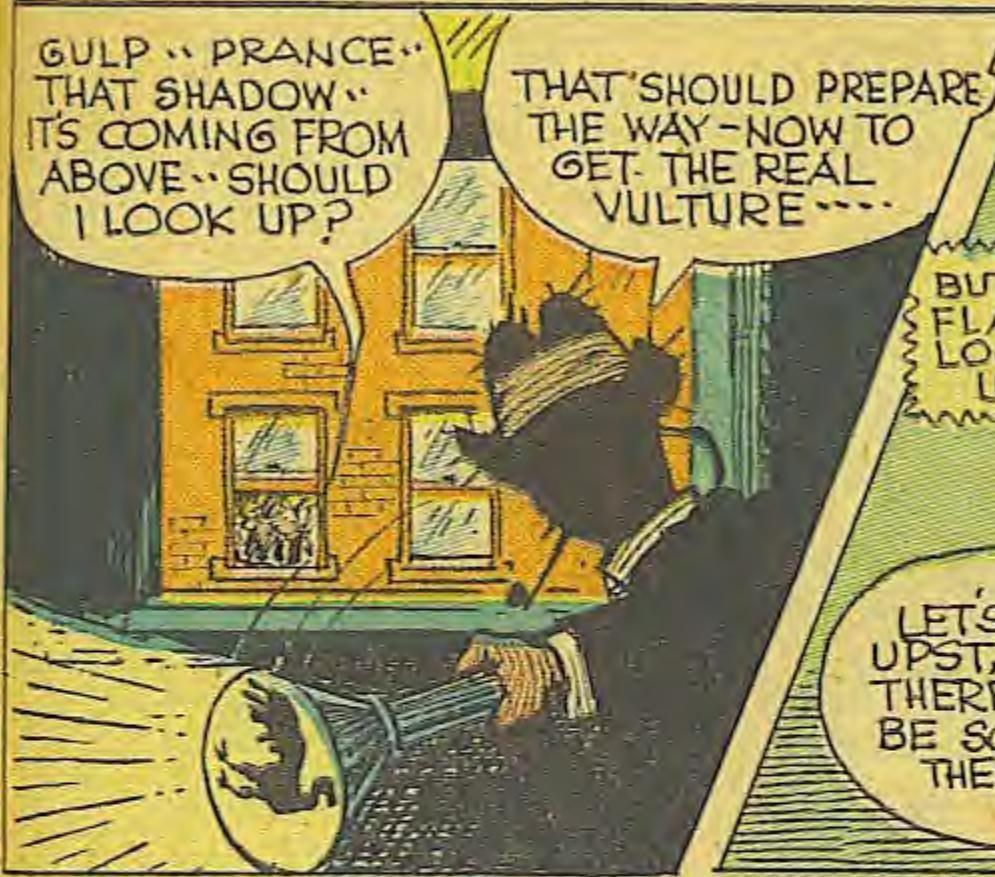
NO. AND NO KID EVER MADE A SOUND LIKE THAT HORRIBLE SCREECH! FLATTY--THE WINDOW...

THE, THE-SHADOW... IT'S LIKE SOME HUGE BIRD'S WINGS...

YYYYESSS SO IT IS!

BEWARE OF THE VULTURE BEWARE





CITY DESK- LISTEN HERE'S A LAUGH..
BIG BRAIN FOOTE AND PRANCE ARE
ON THE TRAIL OF A BIRD..
NO KIDDIN'
LISTEN...

IT'S WORKING
JUST AS I
WANTED IT TO.
NOW TO GET
THE REAL
VULTURE
TO WORK!"

22399
ROOM

BUT WE'VE GOT
TO FIND THIS
VULTURE OR
WE'LL BE LAUGHED
OUT OF TOWN!
VULTURE... BAH
AS IF THERE WAS
ANY SUCH
THING!

POLICE

WE DON'T
EVEN KNOW
WHERE TO LOOK-
WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT TO
LOOK FOR!

YEAH-
COME TO
THINK OF IT.
IT IS A LITTLE
SILLY ISN'T
IT?

WHY WOULD A
CROOK ANNOUNCE
WHO HE WAS TO US,
THE BEST BRAIN ON
THE SIDE OF
LAW AND ORDER!

THE BEST BRAIN? SINGULAR? AH... I SEE,
TWO HALF WITS MAKE ONE BRAIN!

NOW LISTEN YOU,
I HAVE THE FINEST
BRAIN... WH-

OOF!
LOOK!

THROW
THEM
IN HERE,
VULTURE

15





The Shadow Uncovers THE INVISIBLE KILLER



THE INVISIBLE-KILLER STRIKES!!! FROM NOWHERE, IN THE MIDST OF A DRIVING RAIN, DEATH ARRIVES AS THOUGH IT'S UNSEEN HANDS WERE UNLEASHED BY THE CLOUDS THEMSELVES!!!

...ONLY I COULDN'T SEE WHO WAS STRANGLING HIM, OFFICER. WHOEVER DID IT WAS INVISIBLE!

WELL, THE GUY IS DEAD. IT'S A PROBLEM FOR THE COMMISSIONER!

WHEN UNSEEN HANDS FROM NOWHERE STRANGLE VICTIMS, THE PROBLEM MAY BE MORE THAN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER CAN SOLVE!!!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A RIDDLE FOR THE SHADOW!!!

LAMONT! HERE'S MORE NEWS ABOUT THE INVISIBLE KILLER'S VICTIM...

THE DEAD MAN IS LUCIEN CLEAVES, WHOSE PARTNER, ROY DARRIER, LIVES AT THE ARMISTEAD ARMS. INTERVIEWED AT HIS APARTMENT, MR. DARRIER SAID...

WE'RE GOING TO THE ARMISTEAD ARMS, MARGO!

WHAT A TERRIBLY RAINY AFTERNOON, LAMONT! IT'S ALMOST LIKE NIGHT!

THERE'S SOMEBODY ON THE STEPS OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE, MARGO. IT MIGHT BE DARRIER EXPECTING SOMEONE...

THE KI-KI-KILLER... HE'S GOT ME GURRG...

IS...IS HE DEAD, LAMONT?

YES, AND FROM THESE IDENTIFICATION CARDS AND PHOTOGRAPH, HE MUST BE ROY DARRIER!

GURGLE... UGH...

THERE'S THE MAN WHO SAW IT HAPPEN, COMMISSIONER!

CRANSTON!



CRANSTON, THIS IS THE STRANGEST CASE I HAVE EVER SEEN. AN INVISIBLE KILLER! THE INVISIBLE PART COULD ANSWER THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHADOW!

THE EXHIBITS ARE READY IN THOSE MURDER CASES, COMMISSIONER

GOOD. I SHALL LOOK AT THEM RIGHT AWAY

NEXT THING, THEY'LL BE LAYING THESE CRIMES ON THE SHADOW, LAMONT!



THIS IS THE COAT CLEAVES WORE WHEN HE WAS STRANGLED. THE KILLER PRACTICALLY TORE THE STRAP FROM THE COLLAR...

INTERESTING!



AND HERE IS DARRIER'S NECKTIE, RIPPED JUST AS FORCIBLY BY THE KILLER!

HOW DREADFUL!

MORE INTERESTING!



WHAT ARE THESE CARDS, COMMISSIONER?

JUST ODD BUSINESS CARDS FOUND IN THE POCKETS OF THE VICTIMS...



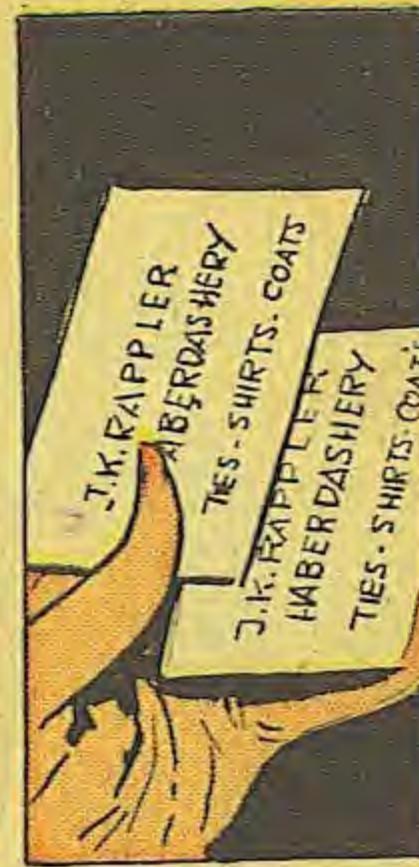
NONE OF THEM ARE IMPORTANT. I'M GOING TO SEE GEORGE RUTHLAND, THE MAN WHO FINANCED CLEAVES AND DARRIER. I'LL SEE YOU LATER, CRANSTON

ALRIGHT, COMMISSIONER



THE COMMISSIONER
SAID NONE OF
THOSE CARDS
WERE IMPORTANT.
LAMONT...

MAYBE HE
DID, BUT I'VE
FOUND TWO
THAT ARE
IMPORTANT!



THEN YOU THINK
YOU HAVE THE
ANSWER TO
THOSE MURDERS
BY THE
UNSEEN
KILLER?

YES, I'LL TELL YOU
MY THEORY WHEN
WE GET INSIDE



I THINK THAT GEORGE
RUTHLAND GAVE
CLEAVES AND DARRIER
A BAD CHECK WHEN
HE BOUGHT THEIR
BUSINESS AND
MURDERED THEM
TO COVER UP!

YOU CAN TELL
THAT TO THE
COMMISSIONER
WHEN WE GET
TO RUTHLAND'S!



A SHIRT FOR
EVENING
WEAR? HERE'S
A VERY FINE
ONE

THAT'S ABOUT
RIGHT



AND HERE IS A
NICE SCARF FOR
THE LADY. THEY
WEAR THESE
KNOTTED, YOU
KNOW

HOW
LOVELY.
I'LL
TAKE
ONE

I'LL STOP
BY FOR
YOU LATER,
MARGO



OUTSIDE DAPPLER'S,
CRANSTON BECOME
THE SHADOW....

DAPPLER'S
HABERDASHERY

I WANT TO GO OUT
TO A PLACE
CALLED
WHITESIDE!

THAT WILL
COST YOU THREE
BUCKS, MISTER,
BUT IT'S WORTH
IT!

JUST AS I
THOUGHT...

DAPPLER IS RUNNING OUT TO
WHITESIDE BECAUSE THAT'S
WHERE RUTHLAND LIVES!
I'D BETTER GET INTO EVENING
CLOTHES AND FOLLOW!

MISS LANE SAID
IT LOOKED A
LOT LIKE RAIN,
MR. CRANSTON,
SO SHE DECIDED
TO GO ON
AHEAD

MARGO
WOULD...
ON A
NIGHT
LIKE
THIS!

A FINE SHIRT, JUST AS
DAPPLER SAID! NOW TO
STOP BY FOR MARGO!

APARTMENTS
000



WHITEFIELD NEXT
STOP, SHREVVY...
AND DON'T SPARE,
THE HORSEPOWER!

OK,
BOSS!

HERE WE
ARE, BOSS,
AND IT LOOKS
LIKE RAIN!

AND
WE'RE
JUST
IN
TIME!

TELL ME, RUTHLAND,
WHAT DO YOU
THINK ABOUT
THOSE MURDERS?

I HARDLY KNOW
WHAT TO THINK,
COMMISSIONER.
I WAS RIGHT HERE
AT THE TIME THEY
HAPPENED, SO I
REALLY WOULDN'T
KNOW!

IT'S
BEGINNING
TO RAIN...

... AND MY NEW SCARF WILL
GET SOAKED!

IT IS RAINING,
RUTHLAND!
WE'D BETTER
GET INDOORS!

THE BACK DOOR
IS LOCKED. WE'D
BETTER HURRY
OVER TO THE
SUMMER
HOUSE
INSTEAD

IN FACT,
IT'S GETTING
SOAKED
ALREADY!

I'M BEING CHO-CHOKED...
SOMETHING IS STRANG-
STRANGLING ME...

HELLLPPP,...
GURGLE.

LOOK, RUTHLAND!
SOMETHING IS
HAPPENING TO
MISS LANE!

IT MUST BE
THE INVISIBLE
KILLER!

THAT ENDS
THE PRESSURE!

SOMEBODY...
SOME THING...
WAS TRYING
TO STRANGLE
ME!

TAKE IT
EASY, MARGO!

QUICK,
DAPPLER...

THE TROUBLE
IS, I'M FINDING
YOU CHAPS FIRST!

YOU'RE
ALRIGHT?

NOW, I AM!
THE SCARF
WAS CHOKING
ME!

THE
SHADOW
IS HERE!
HELP ME
GRAB
HIM!

IF WE CAN
ONLY FIND
HIM...

WHAM



